

By C. M. Payne

Mayor Walker of Delhi

By BIDE DUDLEY

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It develops that Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker of Delhi, who went to St. Louis as a delegate to the Democratic Convention, was duped out of \$100 an hour after he arrived there. Accompanied by Constable Pelee Brown of Delhi, the Mayor reached St. Louis at 9 A. M. Monday. The two walked to their hotel and had just registered when a man standing near the book stand out his hand. He was tall and wore a broad brimmed black hat.

"Well, Cy, how are you?" asked the big fellow.

"I'm fine," replied the Mayor. "I'm up here to represent the Squawnee District at the convention. Down our way we want to see justice done. Who are you?"

"Pshaw! Have you forgotten me?" asked the stranger. "I'm Bill Sykes of Oshkosh, and I'm Chairman of the Committee on Expediency. You don't know where we could get a good man for Temporary Chairman of the convention, do you?"

The Mayor gave a slight cough. "I've often presided at large gatherings myself," he said.

"Yes, I know," said Sykes, "but you being a friend of mine I didn't want to tax you."

"Tax me how?"

"It always costs the Temporary Chairman \$100 for drinks for the Committee on Expediency. That's an established custom."

"Easy!" said the Mayor. With that he handed Sykes ten \$10 bills and Sykes gave him a ribbon on which was printed "Chairman."

"Now," said Sykes, "I'll hurry to headquarters and wire Mr. Wilson we've got just the man for him."

The Mayor and Constable Brown went to the convention hall. They were stopped at the door.

"Chairman," said Mayor Walker. "Of what?" demanded the doorman.

"The convention. Sykes appointed me on behalf of Mr. Wilson."

"You're the tenth chairman Sykes has appointed," growled the doorman. "Who is Sykes?"

"Committee on Expediency!"

"You're on the wrong train, friend," said the doorman. "Tell it to Sykes."

Mayor Walker was indignant. He ordered Constable Brown to arrest the man. A fight followed in which the Constable was knocked down four times, but he subdued his man by rolling over and letting the doorman pound him in the back until he was tired.

Constable Brown then permitted a policeman to arrest him. He was released under a cash bond of \$10, and he immediately hurried to the hotel in search of Mayor Walker.

He found the Mayor, reports say, in the safe with Sykes and two young women. As the Constable entered the room he heard Sykes say:

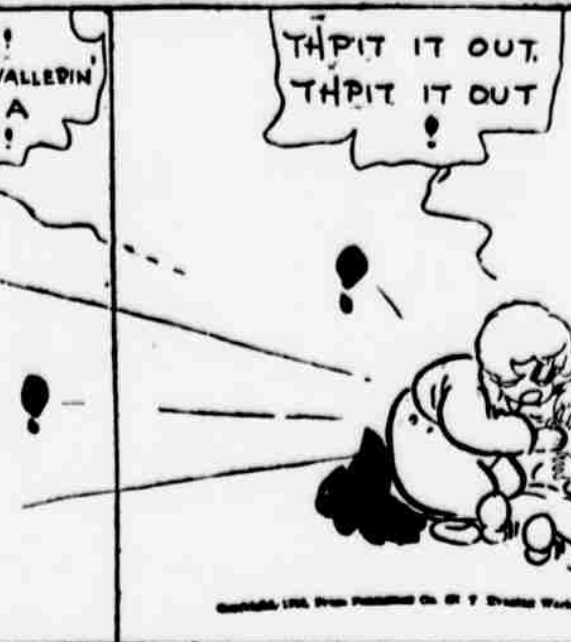
"The Committee on Expediency" will now go into executive session and have a couple of rounds on Chairman Walker.

"Yes, he!" replied the Mayor. It is rumored.

The affair has set the whole of Delhi talking.

There is much indignation.

"S'MATTER, POP!"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—He Should Have Begun His Marketing YESTERDAY!

By Bud Counihan



GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

Use for Both.

AN Englishman who stopped over night at a Western American hotel noticed that instead of ringing a bell at meal time the proprietor went to the front door and fired a double-barrelled shotgun. Later in the evening the Englishman commented on the strange procedure. "That's a novel idea of yours," he remarked to the proprietor, "calling your guests by firing a gun."

"Y-a-s," drawled the proprietor.

Like a Parrot.

EX-SECRETARY WILLIAM JENNING BRYAN said to a reporter in New York the other day: "After nation has found itself drawn into this world war, evil communications corrupt good manners, you know. You can't touch pitch and remain undefiled."

"It's like the man who returned a parrot he'd bought the month before. 'I w-w-want my m-money back for this b-bird,' he said."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked the dealer.

"W-w-why," said the man angrily, "the d-durn thing s-s-stutters!"

Detroit Free Press.

A Weak Sister.

DURING a recent dance in the Rumpus Ridge neighborhood, in Arkansas, the usual fight took place among the attending swains. There was considerable shooting and some bloodshed. The battle was regarded with equanimity by most of the beauties present, but one girl, a stranger to the greater part of the assembly, swooned.

"Who was it that fainted away?" asked Miss Duckie Burcher, a little later.

"D'know," replied Miss Pearl Smothers. "Some town gal, I reckon; they're 'most all sickly!"—Kansas City Star.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB COLUMN"

TO all my dear little cousins who imagine that it is necessary to send six coupons with each drawing I wish to say that that is not so.

Once you are a Klub member your name is written in the big Kiddie Klub Book, so there is no danger of my not knowing of your being there. And after you have received your pin and certificate on no occasion is it necessary to send a second set of coupons unless especially notified to do so.

Many members have asked whether, if they send six more coupons, another pin will be given them.

No, it will not. One Kiddie Klub pin to each member is all that is permitted.

But if you unfortunately lose yours, write to me and I will tell you how to go about replacing it.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

LETTERS FROM KIDDIES.

Dear Cousin Eleanor:

I did not begin to save my coupons at No. 1 but at No. 12, because on that day all my friends seemed so happy and I found out it was because they were to become Kiddie Klub members. We are going to organize a club of our own and no one can be a member unless she belongs to the Kiddie Klub.

Waiting your answer, I remain,

Your loving cousin, BELLA KATZ, 22 East 100th Street, New York City.

CONTRIBUTED.

"I've never seen a better job than that of Cousin Eleanor. I think it is a fine idea."

Claimed little Johnny Lee, 626 Ninth Avenue, New York City.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LEAD PENCIL.

I was born in a large, noisy building called a factory. I had a great many playmates. Because we were much used we had great fun rolling over one another on the floor.

Also this fun soon had an ending. One day a girl came and wrapped us up in bundles of paper and took us to a store near a school.

One day a little girl came into the store and picked me up. She paid two cents for me. For a while I was very happy. My lovely point began to wear down and the little girl sharpened me. Very soon I became so small that she couldn't hold me. Now I am lying in a corner of her desk, waiting to see what is to become of me. I wonder.

ESTHER TWAIN, 1215 Lotters Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

THE DAINY'S WEDDING.

Eight little blue bells grew under a stone. When one little bell grew under a stone, Prince Humdum came in like a velvet and gold. So attended a lover who never did build. He wooed her, he won her, oh, wasn't there glo.

When Daisy was married to Prince Humdum, LOUISE LEWIS, Age 12, 112 Convent Avenue, New York City.

JACK AND THE BABY ROBINS.

One day a little boy named Jack went out in the woods and climbed a tree. He had climbed quite high when all of a sudden he saw a nest with two little blue robins in it. He thought it would be very nice to take the little robins as he knew they were not old enough to fly, so he did.

When he went home he did not show the little robins to his mother because he knew she would be angry. Jack's day he saw the two robins when he had taken them, away from the nest.



SLEEPYLAND STORIES By Uncle Bill

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Tim Annoyed the Nervous Lady and Missed a Lot of Fun.

ONE day Timmy felt so gay that he could not keep still. He pulled the ears of Mimpy, the fox terrier, until she ran away and hid under the porch. Then he opened the ice box and spilled a jar of milk as he tried to carry it out to his sand pile and make a cake.

Then he shouted so loud that his Munter told him he might go to the woods if he liked.

So Tim put his hands up, one on each side of his mouth, and called "Who-hoo!" just like that, and Downy Dim and Pascal Dascal came running up the road. The three boys marched down the lane and across the pasture, and when they saw the King of the Woods waiting for them they ran a race to the big blue tree. Timmy won the race, for he could run very fast.

After the King shook hands with the boys and asked "How-do-de, sir?" to each one, he said, "Who would like to play in a new place?" and all the boys said, "I would, PLEASE!"

So the King led the way along another new path that wound around past the back road until they came to a broad, smooth place with a floor of clay. The clay had been rolled with a steam roller and was fine for spinning tops. The King gave each boy a top and a top-rod, and he showed them how to spin tops the way the big boys spin them.

Timmy was the best spinner of all. His top hit the King's top and knocked it out of the ring. The King said, "Good boy, Timmy!" and this made Tim so happy that he yelled "Hurrah!"

"Please don't make noise," the King said. "We must not make noise here, because the Nervous Lady has her house near this playground. We must not hurt the Nervous Lady with noise."

But Timmy was feeling so fine and say that he said: "Oh, I don't care for the Nervous Lady! Hurrah! Hurrah!" The King of the Woods clapped his hands like this—pop! pop!—and out came Dick and Ben, the King's strong men.

"Take this naughty boy home and tell his Munter what he did," the King told them. So Dick and Ben took Tim home. And his Munter put him to bed and kept him there until he promised that he would never bother the Nervous Lady again. But Tim lost his new top and he missed a lot of fun, and he made up his mind that he would surely be a good boy always.

THIS IS THE KIDDIE KLUB PIN. Every kiddie who joins the Klub will receive a silver colored pin like the one shown in this picture.

MAY PICTURE CONTEST—HONORABLE MENTION

Class B, Alfred Egelund, age nine, Amityville, L. I.

SUBJECT FOR THE JUNE PICTURE CONTEST. "How You Would Like to Spend Your Vacation."

The Evening World will give five one-dollar awards for pictures drawn this month by KIDDIE KLUB members only. One dollar each for the best picture drawn by a member not over seven years old, eight to nine years old, ten to eleven, twelve to thirteen, fourteen to fifteen years old, five classes in all. Pictures must be received not later than June 30, and must illustrate the idea suggested above. Beneath your picture you must write your name, address, age and the number on your membership certificate. Address picture to KIDDIE KLUB PICTURE CONTEST, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

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HOW TO BECOME A 'KIDDIE KLUB' MEMBER

PIN COUPON NO. 22

Save six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation like 22-23-24-25-26-27, send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state—

YOUR NAME.

YOUR ADDRESS.

You must be careful to state these three things, as no application will be considered unless this information is COMPLETE.

If your note and coupons meet the above conditions, upon receipt of them we will mail you your pin and a certificate of membership.

HOW ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST.

Agos ago the earth was covered with ice. There was only one fire and that was in the north. This fire was precious to the people and was guarded night and day by a man and his son, who took turns resting and caring for the fire.

Nearly lived the white bear who loved the cold and was an enemy to the people, for he watched for an opportunity to put out their fire, thinking that then he would have all the land to himself.

One night while the son watched he grew weary and fell asleep. Then came the white bear forth from his den and stamped the fire out. But there still burned a few little sparks which he did not notice.

The robin, who was watching, flew down and fanned the sparks with his wings until the fire bursted again and his little breast was burning red. This is how the robin got its red breast.

Then he flew about and wherever he alighted the earth was warmed. Soon the greater part of the ice disappeared and the earth became pleasant to live in as we know it to be.

—Adapted from the Indian.

